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THE
SCRUTINY:
With a Further
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DISSERTATION
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UPON *Horace's Odes*
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HORACE,
The First ODE.

INSCRIB'D
To the Right Honourable
The Lord *HALLIFAX*

L O N D O N :

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OF NEW YORK

THE
 SCRUTINY;
 With a further
 DISSERTATION
 UPON
 HORACE, &c.

WELL, Gentlemen, you see I am Sanguine enough to hazard a Second Encounter. As I have made my self a Debtor to the Publick, so I would punctually have paid off the Weekly Demand, if I had not been unluckily prevented by a Set of late Authors, viz. *Pomona, Censura, Temporum*, and a little Writer, who calls himself poor *Bays*, whom I could not pass by unsaluted, without a reproach to good Manners; tho' I must tell the latter, it's no small Favour that I admit him within

the compass of a Remark, after having resolv'd to converse with none but Men of Distinction. But to lay aside the Poetry, Moderation, and Good Manners of these Gentlemen, till we have time to call for them; we'll pass on to the Design in hand, in hopes they will have the Patience to keep Cold for some time. I have sent one Ode and Dissertation of *Horace* into the World already, without knowing the Fate of either: As they were thrown out Naked, it was the Receiver's part to maintain them: But if rejected, I have sent fresh Companions to them in Distress. I am now entring upon *Horace*, Methodically, and if he succeeds in my Hand, design to finish the *great* Work. I cannot forbear giving it that Name, when so many Difficulties advance upon us in a pure Version; and if any competent Judge of the Soul, and meaning of him, will point out the mistake I have made, I'll drop the Cause, and resign to so great a Performer. I must own I was under some Discouragement lately, from the Repetition of the first Two Lines of this Author, by an eminent Hand which sounded Mystrious for the present; but the Surprize being over, I had time to examine the worth of them, and was hardy enough, to think my own would be no great affront to such Company. They are Memoirs for the Curious, and upon that account cannot be omitted, and such accomplish'd Beauties as will bear a second View. Ma-

*Mæcenas sprung from Tuscan Blood ;
O my Safe-guard, and my Hood.*

Now I would give a Crown to be so agreeably tickled for half an Hour, as this Scribe was, with the jingle of *Blood* and *Hood* : but he could not well have lost his Fancy, in so copious a Field of Rhyme ; and if *Hood* would not have hit the Point, *Mood* would have made a splendid Crambo.

I have often wonder'd, that *Horace* should make so considerable a Figure in the Learned World, and pass for an Author of so much Sociable Wit and Good Turn, when all the past Translations have drest him up in such Fools Coats, and expos'd him to the World in that ridiculous Habit. Methinks, a Charitable Grammarian at his Leisure hours of *Christmas* or *Easter*, might have supply'd these defects in good intelligible Prose, and not have chew'd upon these dry Translations so long for the sake of the Metre.

But to come home : This Ode, whether design'd for its Beauty to usher in the rest, or misplaced according to the Interpretation some have made of it, consists of an easie description of Life in several Capacities, but so loose in its Texture, that you are forc'd to make an Occasional Tack to him. The first Lines to
Me-

Macenas, which in all Translations I have formerly seen, have been so confounded with the rest of the Ode, should in my Opinion be kept at a greater distance. For in this Address to his Patron, he just gives him his due Title, and so drops him to the end, and seems perfectly to agree with our Modern Inscriptions to Quality in Dedications; *viz.* Illustrious Prince, or most Noble Lord. The *Roman* Appellatives I confess, sound much better in Verse without a Guard, then ours do. But 'tis plain, the agreeableness of the one arises from Custom. What appear'd Graceful in the unattended Names of *Cæsar* or *Macenas*, will not suit with the Manners of our Age.

I own I cannot find my self much instructed by this Ode, but receive a Pleasure in hearing the Humours of Life prettily express'd. His Tune is generally better then his Song; and notwithstanding the receiv'd Notion entertain'd of his Beauties, I Read him as People see *Opera's*, more for the Harmony then Sense.

Now let's take one turn into the Orchard, and see how the Apples thrive. No doubt, very well, in *J——b's* hands, who always Prunes and Dresses to advantage. But to be Serious, the Poem contains a great many good Images: The *Pourtraiture's* generally very just, but his Rambles are pretty wide and
fre-

frequent, tho' most of them carry along with them an air of Attraction ; and one is willing enough to follow him through those Mazes. But why in the Name of Wonder, must we always Dance the same Measures ? This Gentleman has a rare Felicity in fitting all his Songs to one Tune. The *Splendid Shilling*, *Blenheim*, and the *Pippin*, are all of a Click with this Author ; and his Verse resembles the Tortoise, which Travellers say, affords you Three Species of Food out of the same Carcase. The first Essay of this kind, took for its ridiculous Pomp. The Second, which indeed was a Theme worthy of that Blind Prophet's Lays, reach'd not the Spirit of so great an action, notwithstanding the Advantage of Standards, and the Noblest Captives to Grace it. The last, in my humble Opinion, is a Subject far short of the real Dignity and Heights of that Verse. The Author has too much Judgment, not to distinguish between the easiness of *Inferre nunc Melibæe*, &c. and the warm sound of *Arma Virumq;cano*. However, we grant it has succeeded better in his hand than it would in another's ; but then it's under the Protection of such a Libertine Verse, and such allowances for Coining, that a Man has leave to call in, not only *Greek*, *Latin*, and what *English* words he pleases, but likewise *Morisco* to his assistance.

I shan't cavil at his words, tho' he tops a thousand more upon us ; but I must take a small Liberty with an Image or two of his. The First is, that of *Tobacco*, which in my Judgment, draws off more of the good Juices, then the bad, in most Constitutions ; and is so far from refining the Blood, that it rather increases the sharpness of it : Highly Injurious to the Spirits, and the *Genus Nervosum*, as appears by the frequent Vertigo's, Trembling, and Spasms, of those that take it ; and whose Narcotick Sulphur, surpasses even the *Solanum Maniacum*. Another is that of a Bulg'd Ship, whose Breach is seldom clos'd with Pumping. A Third is, that of Luxing the Neck-bone, which he talks of, as if the Neck consisted of a single Joint ; whereas *Anatomy*, furnishes it with Seven : and besides, it's a great Question whether there is any such thing as a Dislocation of the *Vertebra*, considering how well they are secur'd by their Processes. But enough of this. And now we are upon the Road, let's just call in upon *Censura Temporum*.

His Re-union of Christians, has been the wish of many a Great Man ; but we were never so Happy, as to see even the Preliminaries adjusted, and at this time seem wider from the
the

the Point then ever. *Grotius* aim'd to establish it Politically, allowing the Pope to be Universal Bishop ; but it proved a Speculation, something related to this Gentleman's. For First, I believe the number of Delegates could never be well settled. The Popish Countries abounding with more Bishops, would expect a Superiority of Numbers, equal to their Sees. But that Point being gain'd, still the *Romanists* are allowed a mental Reservation, when they have to do with Protestants in matters of Religion, which would take off the Sincerity of such a meeting ; and besides the contests that would arise about the Literal and Allegorical Sense, before they could reduce it to Standard ; the Intrigues which must necessarily creep into so great a body, notwithstanding their Vows to the contrary, seems to have fixt a fatal Bar to so desirable a Project. This is all I can afford the Gentleman at present ; and I should scarce have concern'd myself with so grave a Subject, if I had not seen so much Improbability in it ; much good may do him with the Task he's engag'd in. He has certainly put himself in a way of never being Idle, and busie to little Purpose ; and if he will produce his Patent from Old *Cato* ; he shall be acknowledged likewise for *Censor Morum*.

But one Word with poor *Bays* before we part, for thus he distinguishes himself. In the first Place, I thank him for the Favour done me, in setting both Odes in an equal Light. I own the Advantage lies considerably on his side, in the great variety of Numbers : For there's a mixture of Pindaric, Elegy, Galloping, Doggrel, and blank Verse ; and the whole a small Farce. I pass over the Pride of him, in neglecting the Grammatical Sense of the Ode, to his Beautiful Image of hugging *Pyrrha*, which I presume he might borrow, from seeing Monkeys Cares each other in his Travels. The Modern Phrases of his Ode, seem to be taken from the suppos'd *Goliath's* ; and I charitably believe with Poor *Bays*, the rest was written some Years ago. He calls me his *Antagonist*, which I think a little improper, before a declar'd Quarrel. It's like giving a Man a box on the Ear to make him Draw ; tho' I must excuse Mr. *Brays's* Transport, when I consider his tender regard to *Horace* whom he never knew. His Challenge methinks, is a little Spleenetick at last, of trying my Feathers in the Fourteenth Ode. I'll Swear, I would Oblige him if it could be done without breaking Hedge or Ditch, but if he'll wait till I come up with him, I will undergo the Mortification of seeing another
Ode

Ode so gloriously Rival'd. I profess he has done me so much Justice in Printing his Fifth, that if he would permit me to return the Civility, I'd have him publish the Fourteenth, to do himself Credit, if the *Wings* of it are bolder then the former. You see how smartly he falls upon the Feathers, tho' he should have used me with more Mercy, considering how Modest I was: For the Wing was too bold a Figure for my way of Writing, therefore I contented my self with a single Feather. His Quarrel to the word Numerous, is very just. I like a Fool, contented my self barely with the Poetical Sense of the word; but Mr. Bays may be pardoned, for not understanding the *Numerosa Sententia* of Cicero, and the *Ludere in Numerum* of Virgil.

The word Treatable likewise is a great Eye-sore: But if poor Bays ever heard of the word *Tractabilis* in the *Latin*, or that of *Traitable* in the *French*, we shall soon compound that matter. Well, Adieu, and never expect the Favour of being taken Notice of again. I have broke in upon my Promise for once, to show you how good Natur'd I am, but shall not make a Practice of it, least you should set too great a Value upon your Writings. Let me advise you to

Examine your self Weekly by *Horace's* Catechism, Entituled, *Quid Valeant humeri.* I profess I am so much in haste, that I cannot stay to Construe it for you at this time.

to do himself credit, it is a way of it but bolder than the former. You see how lightly he falls upon the Feather, tho' he should have used me with more Mercy, considering how Modest I was: For the Wing was too bold a Figure for my way of Writing, and so I connected my self with a single Feather. His Quarell to the word, *Nuptious*, is very odd. I like a Fool, committed my self partly with the Poetical Sense of the word; but Mr. Bay may be pardoned, for not understanding the *Nuptious* Sense of the word, and the *Latin* in *Nuptious* of *Nuptus*.

The word *Treasure* likewise is a great mistake: But if poor Bay ever heard of the word *Treasure* in the *Latin*, or that of *Treasure* in the *Latin*, we shall soon comprehend that mistake. Well, Adieu, and never expect the Favour of being taken Notice of again. I have broke in upon my Promise to show you how good Bay's *Latin* is. But that is not the business of this paper, but I should let too great a Value upon your Writings. Let me advise you to
Ex. B 2

The First ODE
OF
HORACE, Translated.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
The Lord *HALLIFAX*.
Bount'ous Mæcenæ, Royal by Descent,
Guard of my Fame, and Boasted Ornament.

Some in the Ring delight to guide the Rein,
And drive the Char'ot thro' the Dusty Plain.
Whilst glowing Wheels with Art the Goal decline,
And Palms of Triumph round the Hero Twine,
Rival to Gods in Pomp, he's held Divine.

The Busy Candidate who Voices tries,
 And on the giddy Rabble's smiles relies,
 Who undistinguish'd Favours lend to Day,
 To Morrow with a Caprice, Vote away.

A Third, whose Sole Ambition 'tis to Till
 With Spade or Plough, his small Paternal Soil;
 Safe in the Granary has Lodg'd his Corn,
 From *Africa's* Plentiful Floors Undamag'd Born.
 Were you to Bribe them with the World's Command,
 They'd never quit their Golden Hopes on Land.

The Merchant, when the Eastern Sky's o'ercast,
 Fearing the Hazards of th' approaching Blast:
 When struggling Currents swell the angry Tide,
 Twist the Stiff Plank, and Rip the Labring side.